

## DNA Lady

By Sheila Columbia

### Chapter 4: Cult Figure

As Brad Yayger prepared for his wine shopping date with Canis Personality, he thought back to his break-up with Nike Lucent, the Light Lady. He thought of her as Light because of her skinny build. Much of it was probably a result of vegetarianism. Nike once recommended the feijoada at a Brazilian restaurant in the Boston area. It contained pig's feet and pork knuckles. Brad realized he had made the mistake of taking the recommendation of a vegetarian on a pork dish.

There had been a brief flirtation with a cult before Brad headed to his mom's place in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania for a Tanksgiving visit. (That's the day the Pentagon donates surplus military equipment to third-world countries.) Brad brought a copy of Grim's maerchen (fairy tales) to a bar in Cambridge, not far from his workplace at BenchaCom near M.I.T. (Military Institute of Technology). A couple at the bar asked him about it, and he mentioned that it was an original German language version of the famous tales.

This piqued their interest to the point of connecting for future dates, all of which were strictly Platonic. They visited art galleries together, and had wonderful chats. At first, Brad thought they were a couple, but that was cleared up quite early on. The woman was married, and the man had no interest in her outside of scholarship. They participated in some kind of school that sounded more like a cult. The guy was all hot-to-trot over Hans Christian Anderson, and seemed disappointed that Brad was aloof in that regard. Their tryst lasted a few weeks before they invited Brad to meet their "teacher."

The fateful engagement was set at a suburban restaurant. Brad shook the man's hand, and was immediately asked what he was searching for. This surprised Brad. He had not been searching for anything, merely living life to its full. When the "teacher" heard that Brad was not a "seeker," he went ballistic. He yelled at his two "students" as if they had pulled the rug out from under his hopes and dreams. The cult leader had been flushed out and exposed as a charlatan.

His break-up with Nike happened close to that time. As he headed to mom's house, driving the Pennsy Pike, he glanced over his shoulder just before changing lanes. This revealed a car in his blind spot. It was a very close call. He nearly cut it off. Had he not done the required safety check, learned as a teen student driver, he could have sent the car into a ditch. At the time, he suspected that the car was associated with the irate cult figure, but it was not. He learned about the actual hand behind the mystery car much later in life when the D.N.A. Lady connected it with the Naval Misfits.

Brad and Nike could have made beautiful music together much longer than they did, but Nike made the tragic mistake of showing no compassion for Brad after his horrific collision with a Jersey barrier. Brad and Nike had fantastic sex together. Their biggest difference had been his pork habit, but she seemed to accept it. Brad prepared spaghetti sauce for dinner by dividing the sauce and adding pork. This was not as ideal as his cooking accommodation with Betsy, but it kept them between the sheets together.

While Brad recalled his break-up with Nike, Greta was anticipating her trip to Beverley for shopping: both clothing and a boy toy. It was her favorite way to combine a celebration with a hormone release. The clothing was celebratory, while the boy toy was a form of relief. She had the habit of blowing off

hormonal steam by curling up between the sheets with a naïve rich kid. They were like putty in her hands.

As Brad focused on lost time, Greta focused on gained phone numbers. Her stable needed some new blood. She resolved to land a hard-core airheaded rich boy that afternoon. If everything went according to plan, she would have in hand a silk scarf and in pocket, a kick-donkey ecstasy. (Her pocket had yet to see the light of the divine, but her love button got lots of attention.)

As she headed out for shopping, she recalled one of her recent conquests. He was an airhead with the slanger of a porn star. She asked him if he had been to U.C.S.B. (the University of Californian Slut Boys), and he nodded his affirmation as if it was embarrassing. Ladies are proud of U.C.S.B., guys are not. They wish their folks could afford Pepperdine.

Greta knew she was drop-dead gorgeous, but so did Brad. This was not a turn-on to him. Instead, it made her untouchable. The last thing he wanted was to curl up with a lady who was desired by half the men on the planet. (The only reason why the other half failed to desire her was their affinity for the same gender.) It is a bit of an exaggeration to say that Greta is desired by half of the men on the planet. After all, only a few hundred thousand ever laid eyes on her. It would take a viral Cyberjunkies association to introduce her to the rest.

The doorbell rang at Brad's abode in Palo Alto. He knew that he was about to see his blind date for the first time, but he did not know it would lead to the most hellish experience he would ever endure. It was the beginning of a journey into the abyss that made Dante's journey seem like a casual picnic. It would not just be the start of Brad's personal Hell, but also those of the children Canis came to bear in her own womb. Nobody with compassion for children would leave them in the hands of such a monster. California fitted the role.